**Naughty Boy**

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/16271510.

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| Rating: | Explicit |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Category: | M/M |
| Fandom: | Hannibal (TV) |
| Relationship: | Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter |
| Characters: | Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter |
| Additional Tags: | Daddy Kink, Cock Worship, Alternate Universe - College/University, Professor Hannibal Lecter, College Student Will Graham, Young Will Graham, Teacher-Student Relationship, Age Difference, Deepthroating, Dirty Talk, Begging, Slapping, Flirty bratty sub Will |
| Language: | English |
| Series: | Part 6 of Kinktober 2018 |
| Stats: | Published: 2018-10-12 Words: 3,080 Chapters: 1/1 |

# Naughty Boy

by jonnimir

Summary

Kinktober Day 6: Daddy + Cock Worship.

Will wants his professor's cock, and he knows exactly the right buttons to push to get what he wants.

Notes

Warning that this leans into daddy kink in ways that could be squicky - proceed with caution if you have mixed feeling on that tag.

This turned out 3 times as long as I'd hoped to keep these prompts, but it was a fun one to write - hope you enjoy.

It wasn't unusual for Will to confront Hannibal after class, but it was generally in order to continue a debate cut short or press him for details on something he thought was skimmed over too quickly; it was rare that Hannibal was able to respond with a straightforward answer. Today, however, he was, and considered it a blessing. Things had become more complicated where Will was concerned since their encounter last Wednesday, and he would prefer they return to a simpler dynamic.

His explanation was polite, but clipped. "I can't give you full credit for this project when you neglected the collaborative component; it was a key part of the assignment. You can't expect to get through college by simply avoiding group projects altogether."

Will huffed. "My classmates are idiots. It was more efficient to do the analysis on my own."

"Nevertheless, that was the assignment. I have to take off points." Slightly irritated by Will's stubbornness on the subject, he added, "Furthermore, you could learn something from the methods that you consider 'inefficient'—you need to stop relying on pure guts and leaps of intuition to complete your work. It's irresponsible."

Will raised his eyebrows. "*Irresponsible*, Professor Lecter? Funny you should say that. Didn't you say exactly the same thing last week, about a rather different matter? Seemed like you didn't mind much in the end."

"Will." He spoke as firmly as he could, before Will could say anything else about the incident. He cleared his throat. "More than being irresponsible, you are acting juvenile. I expect better from you."

Will's eyes narrowed shrewdly, and he leaned forward over Hannibal's desk, fingers curled around the edge. His tongue moistened his lips. "I kind of got the impression last week that you *like* me that way."

The classroom door was shut tight—Hannibal shot it a glance just to be sure—but this was dangerous. He huffed and quickly shoved the last of the papers on the desk into his briefcase. "I'm not discussing that with you, William. Please don't mention it again."

Will's lips quirked, and Hannibal immediately realized his mistake in rejecting the conversation rather than the accusation. It was like Will scented blood in the water, and was prepared to go in for the kill. Just like last week—the result of which was an extremely ill-advised liaison.

And, true to form, something shifted in Will's eyes as he walked in front of Hannibal—still shrewd, but more smug than combative. "You're right. I'm being selfish." He made a show of straightening Hannibal's tie, which was almost certainly straight to start with, and bit his lip in false consternation. "I'm sorry," he purred. "You sound so tense today, *daddy*."

He stared up at Hannibal beneath dark lashes and an unruly curl of hair, and Hannibal was utterly frozen by it, pinned down by uneasy arousal at this perfect picture of temptation. Will pulled him slightly closer by his tie, just enough to make it clear who was really in charge in

this encounter, then leaned in and murmured in his ear: “You should let me make you feel better.”

Then Will nipped lightly at his earlobe, and Hannibal realized any protests would be futile. He was too far gone.

Fine. Two could play at this game.

Remembering how responsive Will had been to a bit of hair-pulling before, he grasped the curls at the back of Will’s head and tugged him away. He was rewarded by a gasp and fluttering lashes, a beautiful pink flush rising to Will’s cheeks.

“And how do you propose to do that, you insolent boy?”

Will licked his lips. “Let me suck your cock, daddy.”

Hannibal tutted at him. “So greedy. I’m not sure you’ve been well-enough behaved to earn that reward.”

Will’s eyes brightened. Hannibal had not been nearly so playful during their last encounter—a bit too distracted by Will’s nerve and nimble fingers, and that unexpected word whispered into his ear: *daddy*.

“I’ll be good, I promise.”

Hannibal couldn’t help chuckling. “I doubt that has been true of you your entire life. You are a natural troublemaker.”

Will grinned back crookedly. “Then I’ll make you feel so good you won’t care if I am.”

“Not merely a troublemaker then—a scoundrel and a terror, I should have said.”

“Mm-hmm.” His face held no trace of shame.

“You realize this will have no effect on your grade?”

Will shrugged, though looked slightly sullen. “Didn’t expect it to. But I’d feel a lot better about the grade if I had your cock in my mouth.”

“Then you’d better be a good boy and get on your knees for daddy.” He didn’t expect the fierceness in his voice—Will was doing a tremendous job at shattering his self-control.

Will quickly obeyed, and Hannibal undid his pants, lowering them far enough that Will would have full access, not simply a taste through his fly.

Will nuzzled against his length without invitation, inhaling. “Mmm. You smell good, daddy.”

Hannibal watched wordlessly as the boy kitten-licked the tip and moaned softly like his cock was decadence itself. Will gave his full attention to the task, bathing every inch of it with his tongue until he had drawn it to full hardness. Then he slid his lips over the head, not sucking,

just looking up at Hannibal with those captivating blue eyes, and his hands ran up and behind Hannibal's thighs to steady himself. He opened his mouth wider until his lips stretched, until Hannibal was buried obscenely deep in his mouth and could feel his throat convulse around him. And he groaned, grabbed a fist of Will's hair, and twitched his hips forward.

Will hummed around him, a rumble that set him on edge. He loosened his grip on Will's hair, and Will slipped away until he was back at the tip of Hannibal's cock, flicking his tongue over the slit. Then he settled back a bit on his heels and smirked.

"You're awfully eager," he said. "Have you been thinking about me like this often, daddy?"

He licked along the side of Hannibal's shaft, eyes glued to him. The impudence was maddening.

"I have a mind to slap you, boy."

And, oh. Will visibly shivered at that, eyes closing and a heavy breath falling against Hannibal, his lips catching on the skin of his cock as he panted.

"I'd let you."

Hannibal growled. "You'd enjoy it too much, you naughty boy."

"Yeah." He didn't ignore Hannibal's cock, kissing it, licking and mouthing at its base, even as they spoke. "But I think you would, too."

"As a reward, then."

Will looked up questioningly but silent, tongue slipped under the head.

"If you're a good boy and get daddy off, you'll get a slap from me. And I'll return the favor."

"Yes, please." The plosive "p" fell on Hannibal's frenulum, and he hissed out a breath.

"If you continue at this pace you're likely to never earn your reward."

"'M appreciating it," Will said. Then, slyly: "I love your cock, daddy."

It was clichéd; Will knew it, and he knew it. But these honeyed words coming from this sharp boy who clearly knew how to play the role of a whore when it suited him, when he could wield this persona as a weapon to make Hannibal weak in the knees—they were nothing if not effective.

"Then open wide like a big boy and take it all in. Will you let daddy fuck your mouth, you sweet boy?"

A frantic nod, and a mouth splayed wide and welcoming.

Hannibal slipped between his lips to an immediate tease of suction, Will's cheeked hollowing out. He looked up innocently, as if he had no idea of the effect was having, and Hannibal

gladly took a fist of hair in his hand and braced him so he could fuck deep into his throat.

The view was sinful. Wills lips were so pink and stretched so wide, and his smooth cheeks were beautifully flushed. His eyelids fluttered; halfway between watching Hannibal's reaction and closing to absorb the sensation. His curls were bunched where Hannibal's hand held them. And there was something particularly arousing about having this particular boy so submissive and enraptured when Hannibal knew full well how prickly he tended to be.

His cock hit the back of Will's throat and he gagged, but made no move to pull away. Even when Hannibal thrust softly, repeatedly into the soft tissue there, it didn't dissuade him. Hannibal's fingers tightened in his hair as he pushed deep, deeper—and this made Will whine, through his nose, a soft, vulnerable noise of submission—until he bottomed out and groaned. The slick hot channel was too much—as was seeing Will with his nose pushed flush against him, buried in his pubic hair.

Hannibal released him, and Will pulled off him with an obscene noise, choking slightly.

Hannibal cupped Will's jaw in his hands and wiped a dribble of spit off his lip with his thumb before pressing it between his lips. Will sucked it happily, eyes wet but unbothered.

And Will moved a hand to his cock, giving it a squeeze and sliding up and down. The sight of him and Hannibal's hand stretched wide across his cheek while Will sucked his thumb. It made him overeager, thrusting into Will's hand until he gripped harder, warningly. Hannibal hissed and pulled his thumb out.

"Don't even think about coming outside of my mouth," Will said, a growl in his words and his eyes fierce. "It's *mine*, daddy."

Hannibal wanted to reprimand this bratty behavior, but the unexpectedly possessive words were enough to make his cock twitch and he found himself wanting to reward him as well. So he settled on both.

He slapped Will's cheek with a surprisingly loud *smack*, and Will froze with his head to the size, breathing rapid. Made a soft noise in his throat, and his eyes fell shut, licking his lips. "*Daddy*," he breathed.

He kissed up and down Hannibal's cock with renewed enthusiasm, practically moaning along its length. Hannibal noticed Will's knees had spread wider and his pants were tenting, just from touching Hannibal and receiving a single slap. Hannibal had a sudden, fierce urge to have Will laid out bare on his desk, to see how he would respond with Hannibal touching him in earnest, how sweetly he would moan if Hannibal fingered him open right there.

He gritted his teeth. It was already sufficiently inappropriate for them to be doing *this* here, let alone anything more. That would have to wait until a later time.

Later?

He watched Will suck him in again like he was the most succulent treat, cheeks pink and lashes lowered. Yes, he decided, there would have to be another time. There was no question

about it—it would be impossible to resist this temptation.

And with Will's beautiful enthusiasm, Hannibal was already feeling as if he could come at any moment.

"Are you ready for me?" he asked, and Will's eyes flew wide open, a whine in his throat. His jaw parted wider still—an invitation.

Hannibal took it, fucking into his eager mouth, making him gag repeatedly and his eyes water. The sound, sight, and sensation all pushed him right up to the edge until he was coming with a groan, holding Will's head tight against him and spilling into his throat.

When Will pulled back it was with a look of utmost satisfaction, tongue licking his lips like the cat who'd caught the canary. His voice was rough when he said, "So what do you think, daddy—have I earned my reward?"

It was beyond Hannibal to deny him, but he itched with the possibilities. He had already given Will the slap he requested, and a second did not seem adequate. And it did not seem the time or place to explore those proclivities further, nor the tantalizing prospect of his earlier fantasies.

Instead, he secured his pants back around his waist and asked: "And what would you like your reward to be?"

Will bit his lip. Hannibal was sure he could come up with all manner of filthy things to request, but instead his answer was almost charmingly innocent: "Wanna kiss you, daddy."

In answer, he grabbed Will by the collar, pulled him upright, and kissed him on those beautiful, sinfully pink lips. Will curled his fingers in Hannibal's shirt, and a sweet, desperate noise came from him when their lips momentarily parted. Hannibal didn't let the kiss break for long—he licked across the luscious curve of Will's cupid's bow and along the seam of his lips, making him open up.

He could taste his own release in Will's mouth, and delved deep inside to savor it. Will moaned and his arms slid higher, wrapped around Hannibal's neck, and Hannibal couldn't help holding him by the hips before sliding his hands further back and squeezing his rear.

Will whined and pressed his hips forward until they were flush with Hannibal's, and Hannibal could feel his erection press into him. It was too good an opportunity to resist.

He broke the kiss and took a moment to appreciate Will's entranced expression, pupils swollen and lips parted.

"What's this?" he asked, placing a hand between them and cupping Will's cock through his pants. "Have you been a naughty boy, Will? Did your cock get hard just from helping daddy?"

Will pressed himself further into Hannibal's hand, panting. "Mm, couldn't help it. Felt so good."

“I can’t let you walk out of my office like this, Will. You’d just end up touching yourself after, and that would be *very* naughty of you.” Hannibal squeezed gently. “If my come belongs to you, your cock belongs to daddy now.”

Will laughed breathlessly. “If you wanna own my cock, you’d better plan on making this happen more than just once a week.”

“Oh, I fully intend to,” Hannibal growled, and Will’s eyes widened. “Now be a good boy and show yourself to me.”

Will obeyed, quickly lowering his pants and underwear so his erect cock popped out, beautiful and pink. Hannibal hummed in appreciation, stroking his fingers up the underside and making Will shudder and clutch at him for balance. A bit of precome beaded at the tip and Hannibal rubbed his thumb over it in circles until the head was glistening. Hannibal took the cock in hand and it was such a nice size, nestling perfectly in his palm, not overlarge. Will looked down and a huff of breath came from him—and Hannibal could imagine, if Will’s choice of dirty talk indicated a fetish around their respective ages, that the breadth of Hannibal’s hand around his cock must be arousing—and the same sight was certainly not unpleasant to Hannibal, with Will’s cock seeming so slight and vulnerable in his hand.

He rubbed gently, mindful of the friction, but Will didn’t seem to mind, rolling his hips against Hannibal and chasing a faster pace.

“Patience, boy,” Hannibal growled, tightening his grip until Will whined and stopped his hips. His eyes looked glazed, and didn’t quite meet Hannibal’s—it was interesting, he noted, that Will seemed less confident when he himself was being pleasured, as opposed to giving that pleasure to Hannibal.

His fingers curled and wrung around Will’s cock, drawing little whimpers from him that Hannibal had to chase with his mouth, licking into Will’s and teasing the tips of their tongues together. He kept Will’s lips encased by his, and every little huff of air from Will’s arousal passed directly into his mouth.

Will’s breathing quickened, and Hannibal tore himself away to look at his cock, deepening in shade and weeping slightly.

A thought occurred to him. He was not indisposed to tasting Will’s release, not at all. But in this moment, it didn’t feel right—especially not with Will already seeming somewhat self-conscious. And the other options for where to come were messy considering their current location. He had tissues on his desk, but they were of limited effectiveness. His fingers circled just under the head of Will’s cock and he squeezed.

It was not a denial, but it must have seemed like one, because Will begged him in a low moan, eyes squeezed shut: “Please let me come, daddy. Please.”

“Where, Will? Would you have me let you come all over my hand? The desk? Or would you rather make a mess of yourself, cover your shirt in filth?”

“Oh, *fuck*.”

“Watch your tongue,” he said, and immediately squeezed tighter. Will seemed all too close to coming. “Is that it? Do you want be a filthy boy for daddy?”

Will moaned brokenly. “*Fuck*, yes, please.”

He released Will and offered a quick slap. “Language, boy.”

Will looked unsteady on his feet, incredibly flushed. He looked like he was considering saying something else obscene to get the same response again, and Hannibal quickly headed him off. “Then lean back on the desk for me.”

Will shuffled awkwardly until he slid onto the desk, leaning back on his elbows so he was at the right angle to come as Hannibal had asked, and Hannibal followed him, wrapping his hand once again Will’s cock and starting to pump.

Will’s eyes fell partially closed as he panted and thrust up into Hannibal’s grip.

Hannibal put a hand in his hair, not tugging, but threatening. He said, “I want you to look at me when you come.”

Will bared his teeth but his eyes opened, sharp. Landed on Hannibal’s. It took only a moment after that. Tension grew between his brows, and he grunted, twice, and his whole body shook as he came, cock pulsing and shooting rivulets over his belly. His eyes stayed on Hannibal until he whimpered and twitched and Hannibal released him. Then they fell shut and he gasped.

Hannibal had to taste those lips again. He leaned in and pulled Will’s head up by the hair until their mouths met. Will’s lips were soft and lax, the kiss lazy and indulgent. He pulled away with the softest nip that made a shudder pass over Will.

Will swallowed, reached to pluck a tissue from the box on the desk, and wiped himself clean. Then, with a sigh, rolled his neck and met Hannibal’s gaze again, a soft smile on his lips.

“So,” he said. His smirk broadened. “You were saying something about us doing this more often?”

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